

# Saint BERNARD's VISION:

Or, A brief Discourse, Dialogue-wise, between the Soul and Body of a Damned Man, recently deceased, lying the Faults one upon the other. To which is added, A Speech of the Devil's in Hell, &c. To the Time of, Flying Fame, &c. Licensed according to Order.



The Writer speaks.

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SILVER BRIDGES, &c.  
A fearful vision did me soe a fright,  
When I saw a soul departed late,  
By it the body in a poor estate.  
Wailing with ights, the soul aloud did cry,  
Upon the body in the coffin by :  
And thus the Soul to it did make her moan,  
With grievous sobs, and many a bitter groan.

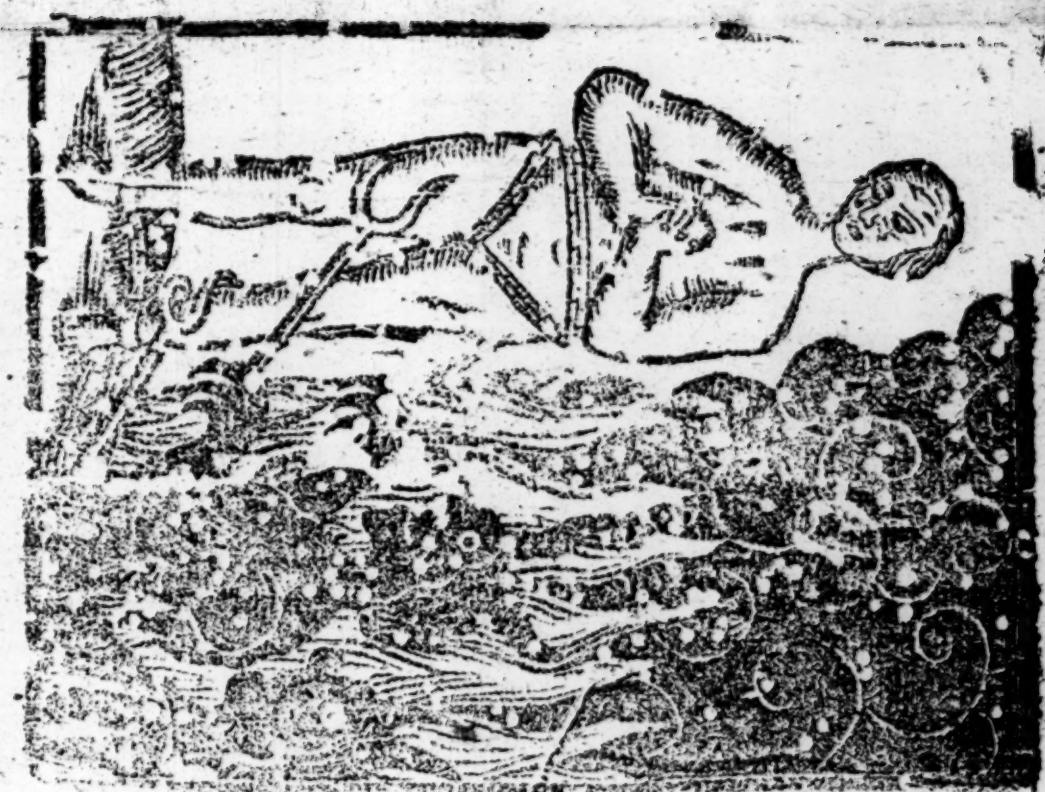
The Body Speaks.

Hath brought these torments both on me and thee,  
Thy wife, thy children, friends whom thou didst trust,  
Do loath thy carcals lying in the dust.  
The back of God, which is both true and sure,  
Witness at large what sinners shall endure,  
Thou that within the bed of earth art laid,  
Arise, and answer to the words I said.

O sinful flesh, which now so low doth lie,  
Whom yesterday the world esteem'd so high,  
It was but yesterday the world was thine,  
The sun is set, which yesterday did shine.  
Where is thy train that did attend on thee?  
Where is thy mirth, where is thy jollity?  
Where are thy sumptuous buildings and thy treasures?  
Thy pleasant walks wherein thou tookest pleasure.  
Gone is thy train, thy mirth to mourning turn'd,  
Thou in a coffin in a shrine are urg'd:  
For thy rich cloaths thou hast a winding sheet,  
Thy high built roof now with thy mouth doth meet.  
But I poor soul was fram'd a noble creature,  
In likeness to my God, of heavenly feature,  
But by thy sin while we on earth abode,  
I am made souler than a loathsome toad.  
O wretched flesh with me that are forlorn,  
That well may with thou never hadst been born:  
Thou wouldest never to any one agree,  
For which we evermore shall damned be.  
I am and must for ever be in pain,  
No tongue can tell the torment I sustain,  
But thou and I we must descend to hell,  
That we in dying bodies must ever dwell.

I know thee well, my foul, which from me fled  
Which left my body fenceless, cold and dead,  
Cease thou to say the fault was all in me,  
**When I will prove** the fault was most in thee : -  
Thou say'st, that I have led thee oft astray,  
And from well-doing drawn thee quite away :  
But if the flesh the spirit's power can move,  
The fault is thine as I will plainly prove.  
God you do know created you most fair,  
And of celestial knowledge gave you share :  
I was your servant, fram'd of earth and clay,  
You to command, and I for to obey.  
'Twas in your power for to restrain my will,  
And nec to let me do these things were ill :  
The body's works are from the soul devideed,  
And by the soul the body should be guideed.  
The body of it self no ill hath known,  
If I did what thou did st, the guilt's thine own,  
For without thee, the body refeth dead,  
The soul commands, it resist upon thy head.  
So to conclude, thy guilt exceedeth mine,  
O how the worms do tare me in my thrine;  
And therefore fare thee well, poor sinful soul,  
Thy trespass passeth me, though they are foul.

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alfe Reh remember Divij was deny'd,  
When for one drop of water he so pray'd:  
Thy question, senceles bdy, wanteth reason,  
Redempzion now is hopeless out of season;  
Vile body go, and rot in bed of clay,  
Until the great and general judgement day;  
Then shalt thou rise, and be with me condemn'd,  
To hell's hot lake for ever without end:  
So fare thee well I will no longer stay,  
Hark how the fiends of hell call me away:  
The loss of heavenly joys tormenteth me,  
More than all tortures that in hell can be.

*The Devil speaketh.*

Ho, are you come, whom we expected long?  
Now we will make you sing another song:  
Howling and yelling still shall be your note,  
And melted lead be pour'd down your throat:  
Such horror we do on our servants load,  
Now thou art worse then is the crawling toad:  
Ten thousand torments thou shalt now abide,  
When thou in flaming sulphre shalt be fry'd,  
Thou art a souilder of our camp engoul'd,  
Never henceforth shalt thou the light behold:  
The pains prepar'd for thee no tongue can tell,  
Welcome, O welcome, to the pit of hell.

*The Writer speaketh.*

At this the groaning soul did weep most sore,  
And then the fiends with jy did laugh and roar:  
Those devils did seem mar black th' piccir or right,  
Whose horrid shapes did sorely me affry.  
Sharp fle led forks each in their hands did bear,  
Tusked their teeth like crooked ma tocks were;  
Fire and brimsten then they br athed cut,  
And from their nostrils snakes crawl'd all about,  
Foul filthy horns on rtheir black brows they wore,  
Their neis were like the vunes of a boar:  
These hellish fiends fift bound this wretched foul,  
And drag'd him in, who grievously did howl.  
Thea straight me thought he appeared in my sight,  
A beauricus young man clad all in white:  
His face did shine more glorious to behold,  
Wings like the rain-boe, and his hair like gold.  
With a sweet voice, *All hail, all hail*, quoth he,  
Arise and write what here thou now doff see:  
Molt hevenly malick seem'd then to play,  
And in a cloud he vanish't quite away.  
Awaking straighr, I took my pen in hand,  
To write those lines th' young man did command,  
And so abroad into the wold it's sent,  
That each good chilid may in time repent.  
Then let us se the Lord both night and day,  
Preserve our fuis and bodies we these pray:  
God grant we may forin this mortal race,  
That we in heavn may have a resting-place.

Priferve the King, the Queen, and Progeny,  
The Clergy, Counfel, and Nobility,  
Reſeue our Souls and Bodis; I thee pray,  
Pmen, with me, for all good Christians say.  
The Body speaketh.  
O now I weep, bring scourg'd with mine own rod,  
We both stand guilty fore the face of God:  
Both are in fault, and yet not equally,  
The greatest burthen, soul, on thee doth lye.  
No wir so mean, but this for truth it knows,  
That where most gifts of vertue God bestows,  
There is most due, and ought repayed be,  
And unto this there's none but will agree,  
But foolishly thou yieldest unto me,  
And to my vain desires didn't I on agree:  
But, oh! I knew not at the latter hour,  
But thou and I had a death most sure:  
I greatly fear an everlasting fire:  
Yer one thing more I do of these desire,  
Halt thou been yet among the fiends of hell?  
Is no hopes left that we with Christ may dwell?